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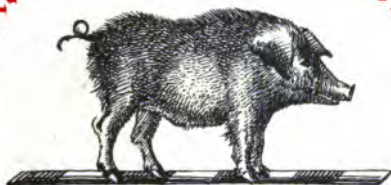
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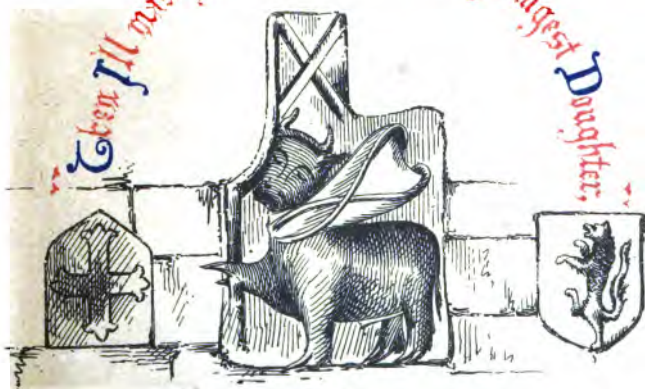
*Richard, Be Duke of Gloster.*



**R**ABY **C**ASTLE,  
 Cotherstone, Ravensworth,

**B**ARNARD **C**ASTLE,  
 Streatlam, Wycliff,  
 Bowes, Romalldkirk,  
 &c. &c.

*When I'll marry  
 WARDWICK'S  
 youngest Daughter.*



Durham 8 59

**THE VISITORS' GUIDE**  
**TO**  
**RABY CASTLE, BARNARD CASTLE,**  
**AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.**







W. Banks & Son Edin.

RABY CASTLE.

THE  
VISITORS' GUIDE  
TO  
**Raby Castle, Barnard Castle**

AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

By F. M. L.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD, FROM  
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON :  
WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.  

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1857.

ATKINSONS, PRINTERS, BARNARD CASTLE.



## P R E F A C E .

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IT was not to be expected that, in an earlier age, this fine district could be properly appreciated ; not so much from any deficiency in those who did traverse it, as from its being almost unvisited.

As is often the case, in a country more than usually varied and beautiful, the means of transit were so scant, and, if obtained, so slow, that few could spare the time, on their Northern journey—perhaps to Scotland or the Lakes—to pause and give this neighbourhood the attention it deserved. And if the traveller merely passed onward by the ordinary highway, he would meet with one or two scenes only, such as Piercebridge, and the view from the steep descent between Gainford and Winston,—which would rouse his sleeping senses, and lead him to think that perhaps this country of tiresome long hills, and rough stony roads, over which he was wending his way,

might be not less interesting than that which he was eagerly seeking.

The stage-coach is already gone ; and, ere long, also, will disappear from the district, its far more ancient and characteristic means of carriage,—the picturesque drove of asses, each with its load of that most valuable of all jewels, the “black diamond;” and the hardy race of ponies and of mules, with their burdens from the lead mines.

We must not regret them—they have had their day,—and now the iron Mammoth takes her place, exacting submission from her humbler neighbours. All must give way, for she does their work as well as her own, and opposition is death !

But we leave her to those who comprehend her better than ourselves. With her we have nothing to do, but to turn her to our own account, and take advantage of her powers, to visit, without fatigue or delay, the scenes of which a description is attempted in this little work.

Every sketch in it is original, and no pains have been spared in selecting the subjects.

Many scenes there are, as will be acknowledged by all who seek them out, of the deepest historical interest, and most undeniable beauty.

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CLIFFORD'S TOWER, AND ENTRANCE LODGE.

## RABY CASTLE.

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**R**ABY CASTLE stands on elevated ground, about a mile north of Staindrop, and though it has no great advantage in situation, the noble and extensive pile is most imposing on a near approach. The drive through the park rises throughout, and the first full view of Raby, from between the waters, is very beautiful.

At the entrance is a lodge of substantial architecture, the old draw-bridge having given place to the more convenient causeway.

The Lodge is composed of a gateway, flanked by two towers; at the top of each stands a figure in coat of mail. These towers are again flanked by a parapet, and end in turrets. After gaining admission, the

behind them. There are a few very good pictures in this room—the Carlo Dolce, over the door, at the entrance, is a beautiful painting, the blue hood is well disposed, and the countenance and hands very expressive. The Rock piece by Salvator Rosa, the architectural composition by Panini, a Shipwreck by Vernet, and over the second door, a very beautiful painting by Schidone, of the Virgin and Infant, are all worthy of notice.

The Library opens from the drawing-room, and is a long room, supported by pillars in the centre. There are some good paintings in this apartment. The first on the left hand, is a Landscape by Claude Lorraine, representing the columns of the Temple of Jupiter-Tonans and Mont Circello. This is a duplicate of one in the Louvre. The portraits of the two Sir Henry Vanes, father and son, hang on each side of the last picture. Over each of the two fire-places in this room is a Panini, one a very elaborate painting, and the other more pleasing, of the principal buildings in Rome. A beautiful portrait of a Lady, with a feather in her hand, is a Vandyke. A portrait of Charles II, and one of a Lady in grey satin, are both by Sir Peter Lely.

Out of the Library is a small anteroom. This is a recent addition to the Castle, but from the good taste of the noble owner, and the style of the fitting up, no one would suspect this to be the case; it harmonises perfectly with the rest of the building.

In this small apartment are some gems of art; a splendid Rembrandt, in his jewelled turban; a capital specimen of Gerard Dow, leaning on his ruffled hand; a beautiful Landscape by Orizonte; another by Wilson, introducing the Temple of Vesta; a Moonlight effect by Vandermeer, and a cloudy Sea Piece by Vanderfelde, form the chief of them. Some beautiful crayon portraits of the Vane family, likewise deserve particular attention; they are as fresh as if but just finished. One, of the late Lady Darlington, with a turquoise in the ear, and another of Lady Mary Carr, with a blue scarf, are very well executed.

A short passage from the last room leads into the Octagon Drawing Room, built by the present Duke of Cleveland; it is, in all its details, a most elaborate and highly-finished apartment. The walls are hung with amber silk brocade; over each door is a cameo bust, elegantly framed in white and gilt scroll work; an arched roof in the illuminated style, filled in with exquisite patterns and lozenges, and supported by eight lions bearing each a shield, with the arms and the monogram of the Duke of Cleveland at intervals, complete the whole. The two chimney-pieces are of fine white marble, and the splendid mirrors rise to the ceiling, and increase the effect by reflection and double reflection. The gilt furniture in this apartment is very elegant.

From this room the visitor enters the Dining Room, by many considered the most beautiful apartment in the castle; the proportions are perfect, the ceiling is

very chaste, being entirely gold and white, in compartments. This is a new erection, having been built from the ground, by the present Duke. The Bay-window is remarkably fine, and commands a beautiful and extensive view over the park and plantations. Among the pictures in this room, are the portraits of Vandyke and his wife, by Jan Stein; and a large picture of Marcus Curtius leaping into the gulf, a duplicate of one at Burghley, both by Luca Giordano; and a Market Scene by Bassano. Besides these, are some excellent portraits; one of Sir William Meredith, dressed in grey trimmed with fur, by Cirro Ferri, is finely executed.

Before leaving the dining-room, special notice must be taken of the chimney-piece, which is of Italian workmanship, and consists of three heads of Hercules, with a drapery of lions' skins. The plateau, likewise, when the family are in residence, is superb, consisting of a variety of both gold and silver salvers and cups, many of them won by the late Duke of Cleveland, whose partiality for the turf was attended with extraordinary success.

These are the principal rooms on the ground floor, but there is one small apartment, much used by the family, when alone, called the Print Room. The walls have been of great thickness, and instead of being hung with paper, they are covered with engravings, some very good. Both the design and execution were the idea of one of the family.

The Baron's Hall is on the first floor. Two stair-

cases lead to it, one of which is to the west, and was built by the present Duke. On the first landing is a door leading to the private apartments, and on the second is the west door of the Baron's Hall. Its present aspect is very different to that which it wore in the olden time, when, as we are told, 700 knights and retainers of the Nevilles were entertained therein. In those days the Hall must have been twice its present height, for we must not forget that, as old Leland says, long before his age, it was "fals-rofid." This noble apartment has been enlarged and heightened by the present Duke of Cleveland, who entirely re-roofed it with solid oak. His Grace at the same time added 30 feet to the length, by carrying it over the Octagon Room already mentioned. The dimensions are about 133 feet in length by 35 in breadth. This apartment is fitted with three very handsome chandeliers adapted for gas.

The Hall is well lighted by a fine window in three compartments, at the south end, besides five windows down the west side of the room. At the north end runs a stone gallery or orchestra, to which access is gained by a private stone staircase. The Hall contains a great part of the books belonging the Library. The walls are covered with portraits, a few of which we will on various accounts particularize. The first to be noticed is a full-length portrait of the first Duke of Cleveland, son of Charles II; then a portrait of his mother, Barbara Villiers, created Duchess of Cleve-

land, attired in a dark yellow dress, adorned with pearls : she has a fine oval face. The full-length of a lady in white, represents the wife of the first Duke of Cleveland. The lady next to her is Lady Barnard, the wife of Christopher Lord Barnard, and daughter of the Earl of Clare : she must have been a very handsome woman, but, from various proceedings in chancery, as reported by Vernon and others, her conduct as a parent was extraordinary. It appears that, about the year 1714, she and her husband, being much displeased by the marriage of their eldest son Gilbert, in revenge, commenced a work of destruction almost incredible. As, by entail, their eldest son would succeed to the property, they collected about two hundred workmen, and paid them 2s. 6d. per day each, for stripping the Castle of the lead, iron, glass, and even doors ; and it is in evidence that they held a sale for five days, when old iron was sold for a penny a pound. One old woman, on examination, stated that she bought several sheets of lead that were taken from the roof, besides a quantity of household goods.

They proceeded to cut down all the valuable timber, and to destroy the deer, among which John Harland, the deer-keeper, remembered eight red deer. They let the park to one John Hewitson, who ploughed it up. However, the son filed a bill, praying an injunction to prevent further injury, which the court not only granted, but decreed that the Castle should be repaired, and put into its former condition ; and

moreover appointed a Master to see their decree carried out, at the expense of Lord Barnard.

This work of destruction accounts, in a great measure, for the absence of any carved oak, or of such curious old furniture as is usually to be found in mansions of like character.

There is an excellent portrait of the present Duke of Cleveland (by Grant), with his purple mantle of the Garter thrown over his uniform.

Many other portraits grace this apartment; among these is one of William Fitzroy, second Duke of Cleveland, in his youth, with his gun and dog; and one of the late Duke in his uniform of the Durham Militia.

Two handsome stone chimney-pieces will attract attention, and on them some very fine specimens of delft ware, in the form of poultry.

From this noble apartment a staircase leads to the private Chapel, which, after long disuse, has been recently repaired and furnished. Divine service is regularly performed there. The finials of the oak seats are beautifully executed; they are a lion and a greyhound alternately, each bearing a banner. In the chapel are three fine paintings, one by Zurbaron, St. Antonio kneeling to the Virgin and Child, with the Holy Spirit and Cherubs. The other two are Murillo's, a St. Catharine, and Our Saviour holding his Cross.

There is some very beautiful old stained glass in the chapel; that representing Ecclesiastics in all the pomp

of their most elaborate costume, was brought from the continent, as was also the glass in the west window, which is of very early date. The east window, and the other modern one, are both executed by Wailes of Newcastle.

The Kitchen of Raby Castle is one of its most interesting features. It is a very lofty apartment, lighted at the top by a cupola, which probably in former days, was the "smoke-hole." Beside the cupola there are likewise five windows, more than half-way up the walls. From each of these there is a descent of five steps, cut in the thickness of the wall; and all round the kitchen, at the same level with the windows, there runs a gallery concealed within the wall, which opens into each window. The gallery is entered by a flight of steps ascending from the floor of the kitchen, and an exit was obtained by descending again at the further end by another flight, still concealed within the wall. This outlet is now blocked up at the end.

Every modern improvement has been adopted in the kitchen, and the various offices connected with it.

The Cellar too, is remarkable. No one can tell what its real history has been. There are places in it that look like dungeons; one part of it being circular, is conjectured to have been an oven of monstrous dimensions, though if it were an oven, no one can explain how it was heated. An enormous oven, however, has generally been traced in such buildings as these, a very essential arrangement for the subsistence of

their inmates in those feudal times, when at any moment they were subject to the attacks of their restless neighbours.



BEFORE leaving Raby Castle, the visitor should take a careful survey of the exterior, which is by many considered the most interesting feature of the whole ; uniting, as it does, great security and great antiquity. After passing the Neville Gateway, already described, the paved terrace leads to the north front of the Castle.

Peeping through the parapet wall of the Keep, may be seen a small mortar, from Sebastopol, presented to the Duke of Cleveland by the "Hero of the Redan," General Windham. On it may be observed the "Spread Eagle" of Russia. The terrace leads on to Bulmer's Tower, at the eastern corner. The tower is so called from the circumstance of two letters in stone-work (a sketch of which is at the head of this paragraph) forming two false windows near the top of the tower ; but it is by some conjectured to be of an age much anterior to that of Bertram Bulmer, and perhaps repaired by him, or, as in similar cases, marked with

his initial, in consequence of his defending that part of the building. However that be, it is the most ancient tower in the castle, and of a style of architecture called "ramping," of which there are but few examples in this country. At a short distance, the Western Gateway presents itself, supported by two small towers, and over the gateway the fine gothic east window of the chapel stands recessed and balconied. A screen of stone-work adds greatly to the appearance of the castle. Then comes a lower gateway, which is said to have been the entrance in former days, but it is now only used for domestic purposes. Passing Clifford's Tower, a large square building, the visitor leaves the castle by the lodge at which he originally entered.

The Leads of Raby Castle fully deserve a visit, and in no other way can so true an idea be gained of the extent of the building, the view from the different parts of the roof is beautiful, and the plantations are seen to great advantage.

There have not been many royal visitors to Raby Castle. When the Vane family were desirous of becoming the owners of this magnificent domain, the head of the family applied to King James the First, on his accession to the English throne, for his sanction to that effect, representing the castle as a mere "hillock of stones." It is related, that some time afterwards, when his majesty visited Raby on his southern progress, he was amazed at the noble pile which presented itself to his view. "Gude troth, my lord,"

said he, "ca' ye that a hullock o' stanes? By my faith, I ha' na sic anither hullock in a' my realms!"

In 1633, when King Charles the First made his progress into Scotland, he accepted of noble entertainments by the way, at Welbeck, from the Earl of Newcastle; at Raby Castle, from Sir Henry Vane; from Thomas Morton, the Bishop; and at Newcastle, from the Magistrates and Town. His Majesty left London on the 1st of May, attended by the Earls of Northumberland, Arundel, Pembroke, Southampton, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Bishop of London, Sir Henry Vane, &c., &c. The journey from London to Edinburgh occupied a month, and on His Majesty's arrival at the latter place, his English servants and officers yielded up their places and attendance to the Scots, whereupon Sir Henry Vane returned to Raby Castle. Sir Henry Vane continued in the king's favour for some time, for on His Majesty's journey into Scotland on the 9th of August, 1641, he constituted his privy council, whereof Sir Henry Vane was one of the regents of the kingdom during his absence, "and to take care for the safety of his dearest consort, the Queen, his dearest son, Prince Charles, and the rest of his royal children;" yet, not long after, when Sir Henry engaged in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, the king was so offended, that he removed him from his place of treasurer of the household, and even of that of secretary of state, although that office was granted him for life in his patent. Whitlock assures

Majesty presented the Duke with his portrait, which now hangs on the staircase, over the west door of the Baron's Hall.

The whole of the Baby property is known to have belonged to Canute the Dane, but there is great doubt whether any part of the present building owes him anything beyond its foundations; there, however, he had a mansion. The Castle is still surrounded by a parapet-wall: the moat is even now well defined, being but partially filled up, and the ponds which replace it are so well laid out, as to produce the effect of a river, on approaching the Castle from the park.

The Deer Park is bounded by two extensive plantations; the one on the south-west, called the Lady Wood, is two miles in length—the other, the North Wood, both bounds and protects the park in that quarter. Throughout both woods are drives, kept in excellent order; and very charming they are, for, in the few hot summer days which occur in our climate, they afford a shady retreat, and in the wild stormy weather which often prevails in this part of the country, the protection of these woods is most acceptable.

From the Castle itself, a beautiful terraced walk, with pleasing views on either side, leads directly westward to the Bath House. The grounds encircling the Bath House are laid out with great taste. The water supplied to the bath, flows from a never-failing spring, and is remarkably pure. The bath is ancient, but the

building which encloses it has been erected within the last few years, and recently lined with encaustic tiles.



FIRST OUTPOST, NOW BABY FARM.

If the visitor have time, he should proceed from the Bath, immediately up the hill, to the Farm, occupied by the Duke himself. If an agriculturist, the visitor will be gratified by the quantity and quality of the stock; and if an antiquary, he will regard the farm with attention. This was formerly one of the outposts of the Castle, and there is a screen, pierced and embattled, still standing. Over the gateway of this screen is an old piece of sculpture, bearing one of the insignia of the Nevilles, "The Bull and Banner." Pursuing a westerly course, the visitor will come in succession to other farms, all belonging to His Grace, and in the occupation of various tenants.

The first on the left hand, is the dwelling of the pheasant breeder. The Pheasantry is close by, and at the proper season is a very interesting spectacle. Several hundred young pheasants, at various stages of growth, may then be seen disposed within the compass of a few acres. These pheasants are all hatched and reared by hens carefully selected for that purpose.

Thence, following the road for about half-a-mile, the last outpost of Raby is gained, by name the Lady's Tower, or Old Lodge. It is delightfully situated on a small eminence, with a rapid *beck* at its foot, in which trout abound: this stream, small as it is, has its banks prettily overgrown with a natural brushwood. All is in miniature, certainly, but very pleasing.

The Old Lodge may be considered the entrance to the wide district of Langleydale, belonging to the Raby estate, and leading directly to the moors. It is dotted in its whole length with farm houses, which add greatly to the cheerful aspect of the landscape. Nothing can be more gratifying to the lover of Nature than the ride through this dale. The air is salubrious and bracing: the unenclosed moor, bright with heather, affords cover to a variety of game. The abrupt call of the grouse—the lengthened complaint of the plover, as he sweeps close by—the half-alarmed, half-threatening stare of the picturesque sheep, which find a tender herbage among the jutting rocks—the tiny streams, rushing down the little glens; altogether form a

picture of Nature's own composition, in harmony both with the ear and the eye, and elevating to the soul.



OLD LODGE, OR LADY'S TOWER.

The bridle road may be followed nearly the whole way to Middleton, but, as this is beyond the boundary of the present sketch, we prefer informing the visitor that he may return to the park by either of the various parallel roads ; one of which leads to a building, important in itself, and of striking appearance. This is a smelting mill, with its tower-like chimney, to which the lead is brought from the Teesdale Mines. Thence a steep path rises above a ravine, bearing the characteristic name of Gibb's Knees, and is continued across several fields : by this path the tourist may re-enter the park, either by going through a part of the North Wood, or by the more direct course north of the Farm, to which he has already been introduced.

Not far off are the Dog Kennels, embosomed in trees. The sportsman, before leaving the park, should not fail to visit this establishment. The condition and good order of His Grace's well-known hounds must be of great interest to the fox-hunter. The Stables are very extensive, and in all respects adapted to the numerous stud. In the park there is a noble herd of fallow deer, and a few head of red deer.

The Gardens are in excellent order, and celebrated for their abundant supply of grapes. The conservatory is at all times brilliant with a succession of the choicest plants.

Leaving the park, on the return to Staindrop, the eye will be attracted by a building north of Staindrop Church ; it is a cemetery for the Raby family, and was erected by the present Duke of Cleveland, a few years since.

## STAINDROP.

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**T**HE village of Staindrop is only two miles from the nearest railway station (Winston). It is built like most of the villages in the vicinity, in one long irregular continuous street, running east and west.

The fine old Church, dedicated to St. Mary, merits a careful examination. The earliest date assigned to it, is about the twelfth century. It has been recently restored, and, by the judicious arrangement of open seats, gives increased accommodation to the parishioners. The style of architecture is early English. The whole of the floor is laid in encaustic tiles. There are some fine monuments in this church: one, of alabaster, at the west end, bearing the date of 1426, first attracts attention. It is in memory of Ralph de

Neville, first Earl of Westmorland, and his two wives; the first, Margaret, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford; the second, Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt. There is also a monument, carved in wood, to the memory of Henry, fifth earl of Westmorland, and his two wives; the first, Anne, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Rutland; and the second, Jane, daughter of Sir Richard Chomley, knight. This monument is said to have been covered with linen cloth, and then painted. Some quaint little effigies of their children still remain as originally placed, surmounted by a scroll, bearing their names. At the east end of the monument, are three coats of the Neville arms, very richly carved, and in excellent preservation: the whole is protected by a ledge, supported by slight wooden pilasters. On the south wall of the church, is a decorated triangular canopy over a recumbent figure, which is a beautiful specimen of its kind.

The chancel is large in proportion to the church. The Duke of Cleveland, who is both patron and lay-rector, has greatly improved it, by entirely repairing the fine oak stalls, paving the floor with encaustic tiles, and restoring the two north windows in the perpendicular style. His Grace has also, during the past year, presented a very fine east window, by Warrington; it displays some of the rich red colour, so frequently lacking in modern painted glass. Below this, five of the principal scenes in the sufferings of Our Saviour are depicted, and the lowest compartment

consists of five angels, each bearing a scroll; these are finished specimens of art. The sedilia are handsome, and in good preservation. In the centre of the chancel, is a fine white marble monument to the memory of the late Duke of Cleveland, by Westmacott. The figure is a full-length, recumbent, and beautifully executed; but it is so much too large for the position it occupies, that it is not seen to advantage. The chancel is divided from the nave by a screen. There is an old octagon font of black marble from the river Tees; on one compartment is the coat of the Neville arms, on which may be traced the remains of colouring. The reading desk is a very good specimen of carving in oak, and elegant in its style.

## COCKFIELD.

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**N**EXT in position to Staindrop, the village of Cockfield must be mentioned, which, although a rectory, is united to the vicarage of Staindrop, to which it forms a singular contrast.

The North Wood of Raby Park divides a rich, luxuriant, well planted country, from a barren, bleak district; yet not less rich than the former, though its produce is of a totally different character.

The village skirts an extensive fell, or common, which affords grazing to large flocks of geese. These "fell geese," though small, are justly celebrated for their delicacy and flavour. It is, however, for its subterranean treasures that Cockfield is chiefly remarkable. Its coal mines were among the first to be worked. One pit was open in the fourteenth century, and now, in

all directions are shafts to be seen ; and, as far as the eye can reach, ascending columns of smoke.

It is curious to look back a few generations, and consider what we owe to the march of civilization and education. In King Edward the First's reign, the burning of coal was most seriously complained of, and was prohibited by act of parliament. Now, on the contrary, this once prohibited fuel, which the hand of Providence has so liberally bestowed on many districts in our favoured land, not only contributes more largely perhaps than any other of His material gifts to our domestic comfort, but has opened a means of communication with the most distant lands, in a manner perfectly incomprehensible, and unlooked for by the most sanguine of those who, in an earlier period, ventured only to use it on their own hearth-stones.

In Cockfield there is a small substantial church, of ancient date : the Royal arms are sculptured in stone, and let into the wall.

## GAINFORD.

---

**T**HIS village is of very ancient date, though there is nothing in its external appearance to confirm this. The houses are built irregularly round the Green, and some, with sloping gardens in front, are very cheerful and pretty.

The Church is dedicated to St. Mary, and appears to have been built about the twelfth century. The interior is so badly fitted up, and with so little regard to order, that the few monumental remains are seen to no advantage.

Gainford is a vicarage, in the patronage of Trinity College. Owing to its having once been the site of a monastery, the ruins of which still exist, it retains some ecclesiastical power, for the Vicar presents to several benefices; Barnard Castle, Whorlton, and

Denton are all in his gift. The parish of Gainford also comprises Bolam (where there is a chapel of ease), Headlam, Langton, Morton Tintmouth, Piercebridge, Summerhouse, and a part of Cleatlam. In this parish, too, stands the mansion of Selaby, famous not only for the beauty of its situation, overlooking the Tees, but for its historical association with the name of Brackenbury, whose family had long been established here, and had large possessions in the North. The hall and park now form a part of the Raby estate. We may just observe, that Denton also belonged to the Brackenburys, and the south entrance of the Church at that place is still called Brackenbury's Porch.

There is a beautiful walk by the banks of the Tees, under the plantations of Snow Hall, from Gainford to Piercebridge. The distance does not exceed a mile, and the river is seen to the greatest advantage through the arches of the bridge, with the cliffs on the Yorkshire side, and the spire of Coniscliffe Church giving a finish to the landscape.

At the opposite end of the village, is a steep path, leading from the churchyard to a ferry which will conduct the visitor to the Yorkshire side of the Tees, and enable him to survey the old ruin (St. Mary's Abbey) already referred to.

The small tower-like pigeon houses are quite peculiar to this locality; they seem built to resist all weathers, and we are told the monks made a large income

by the breeding and sale of pigeons. These towers, one of which is very near the old abbey, seem now to have fallen into disuse.

From the Abbey there is a fine panoramic view, comprehending nearly all its former dependencies.

There are two approaches to this ruin. If the traveller approach from Winston, the road by the river side to Barford will conduct him to it; if from Gainford, the ferry alluded to offers the readiest mode of access. •





W. Hanks & Son Yarm

BALLOL'S TOWER.  
*/ Bernard Castle*

## BARNARD CASTLE.

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**B**ARNARD CASTLE is a small market town on the Tees, and is worthy of note as being one of the border towns—indeed the last—before entering the moor country.

The origin both of the town and name of Barnard Castle may be easily traced, for both are owing to Barnard Baliol, son of Guy Baliol, who came to England in the train of the Conqueror. The family appears to have been high in the favour both of William the Conqueror and William Rufus; for the latter bestowed on Barnard Baliol a large territory, comprising Marwood, the lordships of Middleton, Gainford, &c.

The commanding heights on the banks of the Tees, formed almost a natural foundation for the Castle;

and Baliol, taking advantage of such a position, erected, early in the twelfth century, this noble edifice. By degrees his retainers, and in their turn, no doubt, the more humble neighbours, drew near to the river side, and sheltered themselves under the walls of the Castle. The town of Marwood, which stood at a very short distance, was then probably deserted by its inhabitants, who would flock to the protection offered by Baliol. The church, which occupied an elevated site, where the roads now branch off to the north and east, has long, long been desecrated, and is now a mere farm house, without even a vestige of ecclesiastical appearance. It was named Bede Kirk, saving which there is no other record.

From its position as a border town, Barnard Castle has always been subject to invasions and attacks from its northern neighbours.

In the reign of Henry III, as Alexander king of Scotland, on his way to pay homage to Lewis of France, was passing Castle Barnard, then in the custody of Hugh Baliol, "he staid to espie whether it were assailable of any side; while thus occupied, one within discharged a cross bow, and strake Eustace Vesey on the forehead with such might, that he fell dead to the ground, whereof the king and his nobles conceived great sorrow, but were not able to amend it."

The family of Baliol, for five successions, held and enjoyed Barnard Castle, per *baronium integram* with

*jura regalia.* On the forfeiture of John Baliol, Bishop Beck claimed this estate, as of the *jura regalia* of his Palatinate; but Edward I, in contempt of the Bishop's power, gave Barnard Castle, with its members, to Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in whose family it continued for five descents.

We do not find that Beck exerted himself to regain these valuable possessions, but his successor, Lewis Beaumont, brought the matter before parliament, and obtained a clear decision in his own favour, upon which a writ was directed to Roger Mortimer, governor of Barnard Castle; still, whether the Bishop doubted his ability to carry the writ into effect, or whatever other reason might prevail, the Beauchamps were not deprived of the domain, nor did they ever admit that Barnard Castle was within the palatinate jurisdiction.

In 1398, William Scroope, Earl of Wilts, obtained a grant to himself and his heirs, of Barnard Castle and its subordinate lordships. This grant was in consequence of the displeasure entertained by Richard II against Thomas Beauchamp, one of the ministers who had over-awed him in his youth. However, once again the Earl of Warwick was restored to his inheritance, for as soon as Henry IV ascended the throne, the act of Richard was reversed.

The Beauchamps were repeatedly annoyed by the pretensions of their ecclesiastical neighbours, and Bishop Booth, in especial, laboured hard to subject

Barnard Castle to the see of Durham. These efforts were fruitless, and Barnard Castle remained in the hands of the Earls of Warwick until the marriage of Anne Neville with Richard, Duke of Gloucester; then, with the rest of her princely dowry, including Raby and its dependencies, it passed into Gloucester's possession, and became one of his most favoured residences. He added greatly to the structure; and his cognizance, the boar *passant*, is still found, not only on walls within the area of the Castle, but also on houses in the town; doubtless owing, in the latter case, to the building materials having been procured from the ruined fortress.

After a time, it is said, Barnard Castle came to the Earl of Westmorland, by marriage. It is quite certain that this castle and manor belonged, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to Charles, Earl of Westmorland, who, in consequence of his taking a chief part in the insurrection, popularly called "The Rising of the North," suffered attainder. On the breaking out of that insurrection, Sir George Bowes, of Streatlam, seized Barnard Castle for the Queen, and having maintained it for eleven days, at length capitulated, "under composition to depart with armour, ammunition, baggage, and baggage."

The Manor and Castle were granted by James the First to Robert, Viscount Brancepeth and Earl of Somerset, but reverted again to the Crown, on his attainder. In 1629, the property was sold, when the

castle, parks and lands, with the honour and privileges, were purchased by an ancestor of the present Duke of Cleveland.

The ruins and outer walls of this Castle, cover nearly seven acres of land, which is now nearly all exposed to the outer air, and sub-divided into gardens. In one of these are the remains of what is called Brackenbury's Tower. It contains large dungeons, which now form stables.

The Brackenburys, as before stated, were then the owners of Selaby, and one of that family may have held a military command in the service of the Nevilles, or even of the Duke of Gloucester himself. Indeed, the name of Brackenbury, as governor of the Tower of London, under Richard, and his noble refusal to participate in the murder of the two young princes, must occur to the recollection of every reader.

The Chapel may still be traced, though now degraded to a cowhouse. Even if old Leland had not told us of its state in his day, the architectural features that remain, scanty though they be, afford ample evidence of its former beauty.

Commanding the Tees, and looking west, stands a noble pile—Baliol's Tower. It is circular, of fine ashlar stone, and the roof, which demands particular attention, is flat, and inlaid with plain stones. This tower is thirty feet in diameter. The few steps left in it are cut in the wall: they lead to the upper part, which commands a most beautiful and extensive view

over the Tees, with Towler Hill in the half-distance. In the evening, this scene is exquisite. The setting sun, over the Westmorland Hills, with every variety of landscape tinged by its declining rays, would have been a study for Claude.



BARNARD CASTLE, FROM BRIDGEGATE.

At the end of Bridgegate, on approaching the Bridge, which unites Durham to Yorkshire, there is a striking view of another part of the castle. The perpendicular tower seems ready to topple over, and it is marvellous how it has resisted the violence of the storms, to which it has been exposed for centuries. Beneath is the native rock, most picturesquely broken and planted by nature.

North of the town, is a large piece of ground, which, as may be inferred from its name—the Flatts—lies somewhat low. Here was a reservoir for collecting water, which was thence conveyed to the castle by pipes.

In Newgate-street, near the Church, is a small Hospital, dedicated to St. John. Its inmates are three elderly bedes-women, each of whom receives a small annuity, and every alternate year, an allowance for a gown. This hospital was founded by John Baliol, about the fourteenth year of Henry III. The hospital lands have hitherto been let by the Master, on a lease for three lives, and, being a lay-hospital, it was never dissolved.

The Church of Barnard Castle stands well, on high ground, which commands an extensive view over the Tees into Yorkshire. The chancel is large and fine, and is divided from the nave by a pointed arch of good character, and an ascent of several stone steps. The interior of the church would be handsome, but the effect is much diminished by the over-crowded arrangement of the pews. There is a curious old monument, partly coloured, to the memory of Robert Mortham, Vicar of Gainford, who founded the chantry to the Virgin Mary, in the fourteenth century.

In the churchyard, leaning against the chancel wall, is a beautiful specimen of a sepulchral stone: it bears a foliated cross, a book, and a hand with three fingers extended, representing the Trinity. Two small ones, of the same description, are built into the wall.

There is scarcely any place that possesses in its immediate neighbourhood a greater variety of points of interest and beauty than Barnard Castle. Harmony and contrast—richness and wildness—rocks and water—seem all to unite here in adding to the general effect.

Marwood, perhaps, claims our first attention, as it was celebrated in the olden time for its chase. Now, though civilization and cultivation have totally destroyed this feature, it still retains sufficient beauty to satisfy the warmest admirer of rock and river scenery. A pleasant footpath winds the whole length: the old sandstone cropping out at intervals, and covered with a vegetation of the most picturesque, and, in many cases, of a very rare and curious description.

The opposite side of the river is decidedly more beautiful than the Marwood side, for it commands the latter, and both a footpath and bridle road lead first through the Flatts, and then by the banks of the Tees as far as Towler Hill, whence is obtained a delightful view of the river, surmounted by the ruin of Barnard Castle.

The bridle road proceeds onward, by the Lartington woods, to Cotherston. An hour or two may be spent agreeably in the latter place. Toward the end of the village, or rather hamlet, for it belongs to Romaldkirk, is a gateway, leading down to a path that conducts the visitor to the banks of the Balder, and thence, by a sharp ascent, to the point of what is called the Hagg—

a steep promontory, overlooking the confluence of the Balder and the Tees.

On the heights of the Hagg, stand the small remains of what was once a stronghold of the Fitzhughs. This edifice has occupied a formidable position, and though nothing is now left but a fragment of the wall, yet the foundations—grass-grown, and nearly obliterated—attest its original importance as a military structure. The Fitzhughs had large possessions in the North, for Ravensworth, with its castle and lordships likewise belonged to them. One of this family lies interred in the church of Romaldkirk, a few miles distant from Cotherston. The name of Fitzhugh has been merged in that of the Dacres for centuries.

This part of the country is celebrated for its fertile meadows and abundant pasturage, and Cotherston cheese needs no comment: it is also well clothed with timber. The old Saxon names still prevail here; as instances of which, Balder's-dale and Woden-croft may be cited. The variety and richness of the river scenery is nowhere surpassed. The fine rock, known by the name of Pendragon Castle, is seen to great advantage, overhanging the Tees.

Romaldkirk possesses a very fine Church. Many of the windows are exceedingly good, but the interior will greatly disappoint the visitor, for it has been repewed with the same want of judgment which at one period defaced so many equally fine buildings. Still,

there are a few relics of its former beauty ; one, a piscina, in the chancel. The old font is handsome, though covered with many coats of paint. The monument, before alluded to, of Lord Fitzhugh, representing a crusader in chain armour, is in so dark a corner,



PISCINA, IN ROMALDEKIRK CHURCH.

that it can hardly be seen. In the north aisle of the church, is a large flat sepulchral stone, similar to many others in this district ; it bears two incised crosses.

On the return to Barnard Castle, by the highroad, Lartington Hall, the seat of the Rev. Thomas Witham,

should be visited. The Museum contains many treasures of art, which, by the liberality of the owner, are exhibited to the public. There are some fine Italian mosaics, one in particular, representing the four seasons, is of exquisite workmanship.

In the chapel, above the altar, is a beautiful and original mural painting of the Crucifixion. The subject, being entirely shaded in stone colour, bears all the appearance of sculpture. This painting, we are told, is one of three, by Le Brun, a young artist, who died early.

Somewhat nearer to Barnard Castle, on the right hand, is a picturesque water-mill, which adorns the approach to Deepdale. Deepdale should be pursued in its whole length, and the visitor will not fail to call to mind Sir Walter Scott's visit to this "wild glen," with his friend Mr. Morritt, when, as he says, "He had *such* a clamber on horseback, up a stone staircase, to Cat-castle." Deepdale extends farther, and terminates in a very pretty waterfall.

These are what may be termed the Western beauties of Barnard Castle, but the Eastern will prove themselves equal; for though their attractions assume a milder form, they are not less interesting.

The Demesnes, a fine grazing tract, lies on the bank of the Tees: during the embodiment of the South Durham Militia it afforded an excellent parade ground, through the liberality of its noble owner.

A footpath, by the river side, leads to the Abbey Bridge. Some time before the bridge is reached, a beautiful picture is presented to the eye. The broken banks harmonize well with the massive pavement of rock, which forms the bed of the stream, and breaks its waters into a succession of falls and rapids of unequalled interest and variety. On leaving the bridge, a footpath, on the opposite bank, leads back to Barnard Castle; but more pleasing still, that noble relic of ancient grandeur—Athelstan Abbey—which already has been partially seen, opens on the admiring eye. The venerable pile itself, with its carved tombs, marking the resting place of the “illustrious dead;” the position, on a verdant knoll, overlooking the river and the bridge; the few fine old trees, which have grown up near it; the pretty village green, which forms the background, and breathes of peace and innocence; with an enticing peep into sylvan Thorsgill—all must be seen to be enjoyed.

The Abbey alone merits a more particular description. The east window is very fine: four simple mullions remain perfect, fringed with the elegant wild ivy. Three different specimens of the piscina will be noticed in the chancel wall, and some of the remaining windows are very elegant in their architecture. Two remarkably fine carved monumental stones will attract the visitor; one, as appears from the crozier turning inwards, denotes that the deceased was an abbot; the second, to one of the Rokebys,



ATHELSTAN ABBEY.



is very finely cut. There is a third, also, which, though of ruder execution, is interesting as belonging to an earlier age—it is merely incised. A great part of the Abbey is now converted into farm buildings, and the dormitory, which remains much in its original state, is used as a barn.

Athelstan Abbey, by some called Egliston, which however appears to be a corruption of the original name, was a place of some note during the Saxon rule, and is said to have been one of the places made over to the Church by King Athelstan, in the depth of his remorse, as some atonement for the murder of his brother, Prince Edwin, whom he exposed to the fury of the waves, in an open boat, without either sail or rudder. The prince embarked, in obedience to his brother's order, not believing that the extreme sentence would be carried out; but, on finding Athelstan inexorable, he leaped overboard.

Subsequently, this Abbey was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and a foundation of Premonstratensian canons established by Ralph de Multon, in 1189. With many other buildings of equal interest, this Abbey fell a victim to the gross and mistaken zeal of the party headed by Thomas Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII.

There are a few more fragments, formerly belonging to this structure. One tomb, of very large dimensions, in memory of a De Brus, has been removed into

the grounds of Rokeby, and placed under the shade of two spreading elms ; but not even Sir Walter Scott's poetry can reconcile its true admirers to the removal. In Rokeby Hall, may be seen the stem of the font which formerly graced the portals of the Abbey, as well as another sepulchral stone of the same description as those mentioned above.

Streatham Castle, the seat of John Bowes, Esq., is in the chapelry of Barnard Castle, and is about three miles from that town. The castle lies in a valley, and the park, though small, is well planted and varied. The little stream which runs through the park, and close to the castle, has the same character as the other tributaries of the Tees.

No trace remains of the two older structures, which have occupied successively the site of the present castle. The more ancient of these was removed by Sir William Bowes, early in the fifteenth century, when he re-built the stronghold of his ancestors ; and now that more modern castle has also wholly disappeared, having given way, so recently as within the last fifty years, to the present mansion. Simple in its construction, it is an excellent family house, and it is to be regretted that it remains in an unfinished state.

The Dining Room, of black oak, is a handsome apartment, and contains some fine family portraits.

In the hall there are two large pictures ; one a Boar-hunt, and the other of Game, by Snyders and Jordaens.

An apartment in this castle was occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots, and in it there is still a very tall old-fashioned bed, with satin furniture. There has been a chapel, but it is now dismantled.

There is a fine herd of deer in the park—the sunny slopes are well adapted for them. Here also the picturesque dun-coloured Scotch cattle add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. This district was formerly celebrated for its breed of wild cattle.

The sporting world, too, have a special interest in Streatlam, on account of the celebrity of its stud. The names of Cotherston, Daniel O'Rourke, Fly-by-Night, Græculus Esuriens, &c., are too well known to require any comment.

## WINSTON.

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**T**HE railway station is here not more than a quarter of a mile from the village. A visit to the churchyard will amply repay the tourist, for the view on both sides is beautiful. It is a high situation, and commands, on the south, a prospect of the Tees, bounded by the bridge—of one arch, 111 feet in span, built in the year 1764—and surmounted by the woods of Ovington. Toward the north, a fine view may be obtained of Raby Park.

Winston formerly belonged to the wealthy family of Scroope, but was forfeited by them for treason, in the reign of Henry V, and then added to the see of Durham, which still retains the patronage of the living. The Duke of Bridgewater had a large estate here, which has now descended to the Earl Brownlow.

The Church, dedicated to St. Andrew, has recently been re-built, and when seen in conjunction with the rectory and its hanging gardens, on approaching from the village, is a very pleasing scene. The interior of the church is well worth a visit. The carved oak seats in the chancel are of curious design, and the basin of the font bears a singular carved device, for which see the engraving. The meaning of this device, if it possess any, is not easy to unravel. The font is circular, with a modern stem. In the wall of the church is built up a fine specimen of the sepulchral stones so often described in this work.

From Winston there is a lovely walk, through plantations, on the Yorkshire bank of the river, to the hamlet of Ovington. Some of the most exquisite river scenery is to be found here, and the view from the highroad, just before reaching Ovington, is charming.

There was formerly a priory of Gilbertine canons at Ovington, founded in the reign of King John,



but there is nothing left now, except some traces of ecclesiastical building in a private residence.

From Ovington, the walk or ride may be extended to Wycliffe. It is equally beautiful. Indeed, from one of the woodland paths near Wycliffe Hall, there is a view which seems to comprehend all the beauties of the Tees. The windings of the river may be seen at five distinct points at once, and the sweep of the meadow land through which it flows, is in the very line of beauty. Kilmond Sear rears its head at the distance of a few miles westward; and still farther, in the same direction, rise the Westmorland Hills, overtopping all, and mingling their blue with that of the sky. A fine reach of the Tees, bounded by the pastoral country below Winston, with the high lands of the county of Durham in the distance, form the eastern prospect. In front, divided from the spectator by the river, are rich farms, their grassy slopes descending to the water's edge; whilst, behind, lie the thick woods in which the hall of Wycliffe is embosomed. The landscape, as a whole, is gorgeous.

About half a mile distant, there is a Roman Catholic Chapel.

Beside its natural advantages, Wycliffe has an interest peculiar to itself, which no other place possesses. It gave birth to the great Reformer, John Wycliffe. Many of his family have been buried in the Church, and one of the latest brasses (until the modern revival of the style) is in memory of the last of that name.



W. H. W. & Co. Lith.

WYCLIFFE CHURCH.



He died young. There are other interesting brasses ; one, very large, is on the floor of the centre aisle. The font is good, though plain, with a pointed carved wooden lid. The church was thoroughly restored, under the immediate direction of the late incumbent, the Venerable Archdeacon Headlam, in the year 1850. Built into the south wall of the church, is a very fine sepulchral stone, bearing a foliated cross, and an inscription to the memory of a female, whose christian name was Isabel.

The original portrait of Wycliffe, by Sir Antonio a-More, is an heirloom to the Rectory, and is handed down from rector to rector.

From Wycliffe, the traveller may again pursue the footpath, by the river side, until he arrive at the suspension bridge over the Tees, near the village of Whorlton. The church of Whorlton, as seen from the south side of the river, appears to rest on the summit of a wooded cliff, at whose base flows the Tees. This church has recently been restored in excellent taste.

The bridle road and footpath both lead now to the celebrated junction of the rivers Tees and Greta, in the domain of Rokeby. The two routes are nearly parallel, but the carriage road makes a considerable circuit, and reaches Rokeby by a different approach.

After sufficiently studying the confluence of the two streams, and admiring the onward course of the Tees, the tourist proceeds through a gate over the Dairy Bridge. This is a picture. The beautiful little

Greta seems here to collect all its force, rushing impetuously over and between the huge blocks of marble, most picturesquely scattered in its bed. The water, flowing direct from the moors and mosses, is deeply dyed by the peat, and its rich colour confers a fresh beauty on the torrent. Here may be seen the fine salmon-trout, sometimes whirled along in spite of all their efforts, and sometimes, with their peculiar leap, defying the force of the stream. Either on the bridge or below it, the scene is exquisite.

Rokeby, however, is too well known, to need description here.

Before leaving this point, notice should be taken of Mortham Tower, a building on high ground to the left. It is said to be one of the most southerly of all the Border "peels," and the old walled enclosure, for the protection of the cattle at night, is still there. From the tower is a very extensive view. Several old letters, pertaining to the armorial bearings of the Rokebys, may be observed on different parts of the walls of this enclosure.

After leaving the Dairy Bridge, the road is continued on the brink of the river, immediately under the wall of Rokeby Park, within which, among the grass, are to be seen gravestones, marking the place where a church formerly stood. A more lovely spot, for a sacred edifice, cannot be imagined. Why it should have been desecrated, who can guess? We know not by whom the ruthless sentence was given—we can only regret the past.

The path now leads into the high road, about two miles from Barnard Castle. On the left, is one of the lodges of Mr. Morritt's residence. The inn, called the Morritt Arms, where orders for seeing the grounds are obtained, is about half a mile from this point.

Brignal Banks, having been long since celebrated both in prose and verse, can gain nothing by any further attempt at a description. The visitor must take notice of the old Roman encampment, immediately at the back of the inn.

The path by the river should be pursued. It leads first across a few fields, in one of which stands the ruin of Brignal old church. The path is thence carried on to the mill, which is very pretty. The slate quarries, also, are picturesque. By crossing the ford, at the mill, Scargill may be visited. This was another of the Border peels, and the tourist may return by a path through a plantation, and over the wooden bridge.

## B O W E S .

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**B**OWES, a small village, four miles from Barnard Castle, was one of the most commanding positions seized upon and held by the Romans, even until the decline of their power in Britain.

It is said that the First Thracian cohort was stationed here, in the reign of the emperor Severus ; and a stone slab, bearing a votive inscription to the emperor Adrian, was, early in the seventeenth century, the communion table of the parish church. Recently, on the enclosure of some common land, an aqueduct was discovered, for the conveyance of water from Lever Pool, distant nearly two miles, for the supply of the Roman baths.

Of the old Castle, nothing remains but a fine square


tower, and this is in a state of ruin. The castle was founded by Alan the Black, Count of Richmond, and given by him to his kinsman, William, who had followed in his train from Normandy. At the same time, he assigned him three bows and a sheaf of arrows; thence William assumed the name De Bowes, a name still retained by his descendants.

The Greta here runs a rapid course through the valley, separating the hall and hamlet of Gilmonby from Bowes. At this point, the river has been immortalized by Turner. The stream then pursues a most picturesque course for many miles, indulging in every variety of fall and rapid. One peculiarity in the Greta must not be passed over without notice, which is the subterranean passage it has won for itself through the rock, leaving a well-formed arch. The road passes over this natural bridge, which is called "God's," or "Trust Bridge." This is about two miles from Bowes, going over Stainmore.

Bowes Church, dedicated to St. Giles, is small: the porch has a curious old carving over the door.

## KIRBY-RAVENSWORTH.

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N very high ground, about eight miles from Barnard Castle, so conspicuous as to provoke invariably the enquiry of the stranger, there stands a white tower. This landmark is the Church of Kirby-on-the-Hill.

Kirby Church is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It is a perpetual curacy. The church is still handsome, though it has formerly been much larger than at present. One aisle seems to have quite disappeared, as is shewn by the remains of the spring of the arches: these all rest on corbels, some of which are very curious; one is an angel playing on a musical instrument.

This church was built about 1397, on the supposed

site of an ancient Saxon church. In the interior is an ancient stone, to the memory of Gerardus de Hornbie. There is a large round font. The chancel roof has been painted, and the cross-beams still retain an arabesque pattern, in red and white. The corbels within the church are remarkable, and in good preservation. The bell tower is very fine, and the strong circular beams that support the domed roof, are all, in their turn, supported by finials, in the form of angels. There are some good windows in the church. In the south wall is a monument to the memory of Dr. Dakyn, the incumbent in 1556, who was a great benefactor to the place, and, on the adjoining wall, are the statutes of his foundations, written on vellum, in a pair of wooden lids, and hung up by a chain.

He founded the Hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, for the benefit of several poor men and women, as well as a Grammar School.

The view from the village is most extensive and beautiful. In the valley, about a mile from the church, is the hamlet of Ravensworth, in which stand the ruins of what was once a fine castle.

This castle must have been of Saxon origin, for it was built by Boden, an ancestor of the Fitzhughs. The gateway is still to be seen, attached to a large square tower with tall buttresses. There are one or two other large masses of ruins, but they are so much decayed that their original purpose, or relative import-

ance, can scarcely be recognized. There is, however, one small tower, which must not be passed over without a little more attention. It is very small, and high in proportion to its size. The doorway is large in comparison with the building, and occupies nearly the whole width of one side.



RUINS OF RAVENSWORTH CASTLE.

The tower consisted of two stories. The lower displays only the remains of a plain square window, but, in the upper part, the windows have been very beautiful. They consist of two pointed arches, surmounted by a deep circular stone, with a quatrefoil light in it. Beneath the string-course, under the windows, is an

inscription in a beautiful character. It is as perfect as if of yesterday. Every word is on a separate stone, and the letters are in high relief:—

[xp'c] [dn's] [th'c] [bia] [fons] [et origo] [alpha]  
[et o]

*Christus dominus Thesus <sup>✓</sup>bia fons et origo alpha  
et omega.*

## UPPER TEESDALE.

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**T**HE tourist who has leisure to explore the country further west than has hitherto been described, will be highly gratified by the scenery it presents.

Instead of returning to Barnard Castle, from Romaldkirk, he should proceed to the hamlet of Eggleston, on the Tees. The mansion of T. Hutchinson, Esq., occupies a good position, and forms a striking feature in the landscape. The whole face of the country is fine, for, beside its natural variety of hill and dale, it is well planted. As far as the eye can reach, the river Tees both enlivens and enriches the view. The hamlet of Eggleston is in the parish of Middleton-in-Teesdale.

There is an eminence called Foggaforth, which

should be ascended, on account of the contrast of scenery it commands—both the highly cultivated and the mountainous and bleak.

About two miles to the north of Eggleston, has stood one of those mysterious relics, called a druidical circle. Owing to so many of the stones having been removed for building purposes, no feature of any interest is left. About five rough stones lie on the grass, a plot of which bears a different colour and character to that of the rest of the field. The keenest antiquarian would hardly recognize it.

The Church of Middleton-in-Teesdale is old, and a small square tower, standing at a short distance from it, contains a peal of three bells. Two large sepulchral stones are built into the wall of the church, one over the vestry door, and the second over the south entrance.

The whole of this district was formerly forest land, which is said to have extended over forty miles. Forest and Frith is another small township belonging to Middleton, and about four and a half miles northward of it. The chapel of ease, for the accommodation of the scattered population, was re-built about the year 1802, by subscription. The name is expressive of the character of the country.

About three miles from Middleton, near the hamlet of Newbiggin, is a most beautiful and characteristic view of the Tees, rushing and tossing among the rocks, in the most impetuous style. Over it is a suspension

bridge, called Winch Bridge : it is about thirty feet above the water ; though perfectly safe, it is a giddy passage for those who have not a steady eye. This bridge is said to have been the earliest suspension bridge in Europe, though the date of its erection is not known. Some of the old iron links, taken down when repairs were necessary, eighty years ago, are still preserved : these links are nearly worn through. The distance between the rocks is about eighty feet.

The little hamlet of Holwick, built almost in a ravine, on the Yorkshire side of the river, is well deserving a visit.

The celebrated Fall of the Tees, called the High Force, is about three miles from the last named place. The basaltic structure of the rock is well developed ; and the rushing of the peat-stained water, from step to step and crag to crag, with its final bound over the precipitous height into the abyss below, are not to be described.

The botanist will be repaid for his labours, by the discovery of many curious specimens ; for this district has, for him, the advantage of being in its native garb, and the underwood protects those rare plants which are less hardy than itself.

From the well known inn, at the High Force, the traveller may be supplied with a safe pony to carry him about five miles further, up the banks of the Tees, to the Caldron Snout. This, though equally deserving of a visit, and of a similar character to the

High Force, still forms, in some respects, a complete contrast to it. For almost two miles nearer to its rise, the Tees appears to have indulged in a complete rest. This canal, as it may almost be termed—so quietly does the river steal along—is called the Weel. Thence the stream, as though eager to quit the placid pool above, dashes headlong down a rocky steep, in a series of cascades, and forms the waterfall of the Caldron Snout.

There is another point of this very picturesque river still to be visited. It is five or six miles further to the west. The rocks are here singularly broken, forming a circular chasm, called Highcup Scar, or Eagle's Chair.

To enjoy all this, the tourist should at least stay one night at the Force Inn. By allowing himself time enough, he will appreciate the fine scenery far more truly than by a mere cursory visit. The rushing of the mighty water, the wonderful stillness of the air, the beauty of the fine herbage, and the wildness of the rocks, form a succession of studies, of such variety and contrast, as are seldom to be met with.

The productions of this district are more varied than at first sight would be imagined. First,—the Lead Mines, which, though in a bleak and barren region, are of great and increasing value. From the circumstance of tools and relics having been discovered at different times, antiquarians assure us that these mines were open even at the time of the

Roman dominion. The mines have been regularly worked ever since the reign of Edward VI. Small pits of stonework may be seen, in various directions, on passing over the moors; and it is conjectured that these pits, in very early times, were the simple contrivance for smelting the ore, long before the miners had brought machinery to their aid. Caverns are not uncommonly found in the strata containing the lead ore—the interiors presenting great variety and beauty, from the crystals taking different prismatic hues.

The peat of this country is celebrated: Hare Crag, Kelton Moss, and Race Gate, are well known for the production of this article.

Cronkley Scar, a most picturesque slate crag, between the High Force and the Caldron Snout, will attract attention. It produces the best material for slate pencil. Cronkley Scar is on the Yorkshire side, and the Tees still pursues a most devious and picturesque course. The river has its rise among the hills constituting the south-west boundary of the county of Durham. In the upper part of its course, as far as Caldron Snout, the Tees divides the counties of Durham and Westmorland; and afterwards, to its confluence with the sea, separates Durham from Yorkshire.

It has been the object of this little work, to point out to the traveller the subjects most worthy of observation in a limited district; and as the confines of that

district have now been attained, the tourist must follow his own inclination as to returning.

This he can do by the way he came ; or, if he be more adventurous, he can make his course toward the Lake Country, which may be reached, though perhaps with some fatigue and difficulty.

It is not advisable for a stranger to attempt this trip, in any direction from the High Force, without a guide, as the frequent presence of bogs makes it unsafe. With this precaution, the artist, the naturalist, and the admirer of nature in her wildest garb, must be completely gratified.

FINIS.

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